

What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t'vnspere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were faire Queene
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.

Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pur'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnstedg'd dayes, was my Wife a Gilt;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he wooen yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spok'st

To better purpose.

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As far as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting vpon that.
Our prayies are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vnder,
I am yours for euer.

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th' other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods,
I haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles,
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. Mammillum,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. P'fects:
Why that's my Bawcock: what has't smurch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heyser, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, & the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center,
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreal: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seemes vnsected.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord)?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderneesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my Greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworn Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: State-man; all:
He makes a Iulys day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your grauer steps. *Hermione,*
How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deate in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke vs,
We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.

Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiffe me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Kuell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,

And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinks she ha's been slay'd in's absence,

And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,

With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mammillia*) thou'rt an honest man:

Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would
His Businesse mor

Leo. Didst per

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When I shall gust

That he did stay?

Cam. At the go

Leo. At the Qu

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Cam. Businesse

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Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes he

Leo. I, but why

Cam. To satisfi

Of our most grac

Leo. Satisfie?

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Be plainer with me

By it's owne visage

'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not yo

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